Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.
Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.
War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.
Lewis. VVhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?
War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.
Lewis. VVhat, is his loue to our Siſter *Bona*?
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay and ſweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties ſunne,
Exempt from enuy, but not from diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lew. Then ſiſter let vs heare your firme reſolue.
Bona. Your grant or deniall ſhall be mine,
But ere this day I muſt confeſſe, when I
Haue heard your Kings deſerts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to deſire.
Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be wife to the Engliſh King.
Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the Engliſh King.
War. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his eaſe,
VVhere hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe,
And as for you your ſelfe, our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to maintaine your ſtate,
And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a Poſte within.

Lewis. Heere comes ſome Poſte *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.
Poſte. My Lord ambaſſador, this Letter is for you,
Sent from your brother, Marqueſſe *Montague*.
This from our King, vnto your Maieſty.
And theſe to you Madam, from whom I know not.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtreſſe,

Smiles

Smiles at her newes, when
P. Ed. And marke how *L*
Lew. Now *Margaret* &
Queen. Mine is ſuch, as
War. Mine, full of ſorro
Lew. What, hath your K
And now to excuſe himſelf
How dares he preſume to v
Qu. This prooueth *Edw*
War. King Lewis, I heer
And by the hope I haue of
That I am cleere from this
No more my King, for he d
And moſt himſelfe, if he cou
Did I forget, that by the ho
My father came to an vntim
Did I let paſſe the abuſe don
Did I impale him with the
And thruſt King *Henry* from
And (moſt vngratefull) dot
My gracious Queene, pard
And henceforth I am thy tru
I will reuenge the wrongs d
And replant *Henry* in his for
Q. Yes *Warwick*, Ile quit
If now thou wilt become Ki
War. So much his friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe
With ſome few bands of cho
Ile vndertake to land them o
And force the Tyrant from h
Tis not his new made bride
Lew. Then at the laſt I firm
You ſhall haue aide: and En
In poſt, and tell falſe Edward
That Lewis of France is send
To reuell it with him, and his